

THE WOMAN OF FASHION

THIS SEASON'S BRIDE MAY HAVE AN
ELABORATE WEDDING GOWN.Laces and Ruffles and Revers are Seen on
It—Bridesmaids Have Simpler Gowns—
The Going Away Costume.

(Copyright for The Times, 1894.)

This season's bride has more to choose from than had the brides of many a year back. She may relieve the simplicity of her gown by lace epaulettes, by lace-trimmed revers, by chiffon fronts, and even by small ruffles at the hip. One of the April wedding gowns is so embellished and befringed that were it not for the blossoms that adorn it, and the eighty-five-inch train that sweeps regally away from it, one would never proclaim it a nuptial garment. The material is a rich moire, which is in great favor for brides, and the skirt is slightly draped, as are most of the wedding gowns. The drape is at the left, below the hip, and falls in a widening box plait, caught with the proverbial orange blossoms. A small edge of the blossoms finishes the skirt. The bodice has a gathered chiffon front, from which the broad revers turn away. They are edged with a gathering of lace. The plain belt is very wide, particularly under the sleeves, and beneath it there fall fine folds of the moire over each hip. The sleeves have big puffs to the elbow, where a bunch of the blossoms rests. There is a ruche of blossoms at the neck, and a cravat bow of chiffon in front.

A simpler one has a gathered yoke of chiffon, with the gathers caught down in soft puffs. The yoke is trimmed all around with deep lace, falling over the shoulders in small coquilles at the sides, and in a ruffle caught up in loops below the yoke. There is only a tiny belt in this case, and a spray of blossoms falling from it at the left. The overskirt effect is not lacking in this case, either.

The tulle veil falls from the orange blossoms that are placed high on the head. It generally falls in full folds at the back and sides, although, if one wills, it may fall in front. If it does, it should be cut up the centre, so that it afterwards may be caught in at the sides.

While brides grow more fanciful, bridesmaids become more modest. Their gowns are usually white, with the color introduced in the hats, in the ribbons, and the bouquets that trim the gown. Soft materials are most in favor, mull, gauze, and the soft silks.

Madame la Dressmaker was very explicit in her description of the going away gown. "The travelling dress," determines she, "will be the strictly tailor-made gown. I should say that a handsome suiting in the mixed gray shades, with a full, comfortable skirt, would make a good foundation. The coat should be long, with its basque falling half way over the skirt, with a tight-fitting back, and fronts falling loosely away, with strong, sharp revers. Inside I should put a neat waistcoat of rich, dark-brown, lightly embroidered with tiny dots or flowers, in a delicate shade, say pale blue. There would, of course, be a plain shirt, and a tie, both in white." "And the price," I ventured. "The price," meditatively, "would be, I should say, about \$75, perhaps a little more." I did not venture to suggest to Madame that the same costume might be made up for a somewhat smaller sum, but I was privately certain that it could be done.

But for the maidens that will travel in warm climates, nothing is cleaner or more satisfactory than the new mohairs. The favorite going-away color is a handsome dark-blue, in mohair. Black satin ribbons, put on simply, and perhaps brightened by narrow vines of lace, make cool and comfortable gowns, that easily shed the dust that refuses to be shut out of the traveling car.

A black grenadine makes a convenient gown to take away, especially since it will serve for both afternoon and evening wear, with judicious additions for the latter. The new grenadines show large silk dots in a light tint. They are made over either silk or satin; the prettiest thing about them is the soft, puffy sleeve, that has no lining.

With the black grenadine is worn the dainty lace cape. Oh, it is, indeed, a thing of beauty, the moire and lace cape of the springtime. It costs, oh, dear, yes! but what cares the pretty bride for that? Hasn't she set her heart on looking just as pretty as she possibly can, and doesn't a fascinating thing of lace and silk produce more than half of the desired effect?

One of the prettiest looks like this: A moire foundation for the short-pointed back and front; lace epaulettes, in fine black lace, falling full over the shoulders; the lace continuing at the back in a V, that terminates at the waist-line. Connecting at the back, but no where else with the rest of the cape, a deep ruffle of lace encircles the waist. Another V of black lace forms itself in front, with the heading of the lace covered by a beautiful jet trimming, inside of which is a plastron of cream lace.

Or the lady may choose a trifle more sensible article—a moire coat. It will have two short ruffles at the hip. It will be of the new moire, perhaps one that has a ring pattern, as well as the water mark in it. The ruffles will have spangled trimming at their edges. A rich lace neck ruche will widen out into a V in front, and a great moire bow will tie at the bust. The sleeves are lovely—made of net of coarse mesh, and overlaid with stripes of moire, narrow, running up and down, each stripe edged with the spangled trimming. As they fall carelessly apart, the net shows between. At the elbow the stripes are caught in with a bespangled band.

There will be a green gown of some

description, in that wonderful trunk. Green has appeared once more, although with some of the freshness gone. She is a little duller, and her moods are quieter, but we love her just as much. It needed no more than a five-minute stroll on a broad avenue the other day, to convince me that verdancy was still a feature of the New World. First, there bloomed out a small creature, clad all in a fine cloth of dainty lily green. Not another color about her. Gloves, hat, and all the rest were green. Soon after came a mixed gown in green wool, dull also, but relieved by rich sleeves of darker velvet, and by rolls of velvet on the skirt.

There was another, far more brilliant. The skirt and coat were quiet enough, but there was a bright waistcoat of richer green, with a double row of small gold buttons; and there were double revers, the lower ones standing out beyond the upper ones, being of the same bright cloth.

The sweetest of all was a girl that wore glasses. She had genuine roses in

HITHER AND YONDER.

BREEZY NOTES REGARDING MEN,
WOMEN AND THINGS.Langtry's Novel A Reality—Unwritten
Books—Women's Rights in Gotham—
The Cry From Paris.

Ever and anon for lot these many seasons, the announcement has been flashed over the cable that Mrs. Langtry was writing a novel, and now, when the news has lost its novelty, we are assured by the New York Sun that it is reliable. The book has been on hand for four years and several writers of distinction have tinkered at it in one way or another, Edmund Yates, among the number. At first the Lily decided to have a

once thought of writing a life of Oliver Cromwell, but it is as well, perhaps, that he changed his mind. His constitutional indolence was too great to admit of his undertaking many great literary enterprises, and, unlike Coleridge, he was well aware of the fact. He dawdled over his edition of Shakespeare for nine years, although he had promised it in a year, and only finished it in consequence of the attack of Churchill, who accused him of cheating his subscribers.

He for subscribers baits his hook, And takes your cash; but where's your book? No matter where; wise fear, you know, Forbids the robbing of a foe; But what to serve our private ends, Forbids the cheating of our friends?

A woman who gives much time and effort to philanthropic work felt, she said, at the beginning of this winter, that the unusual need of the poor demanded unusual methods. She determined that not one crumb of food in her house should be wasted while her fellow-creatures were starving. She accordingly provided a tin-lined basket, fitted with partitions and two or three glass jars, and with these aids she taught her waitress how to care for the fragments left after every meal. Into the jars were put the tea leaves and coffee grounds, and into the basket every bit of bread, meat, and vegetables which remained uneaten. The food was carefully separated and arranged as appetizingly as possible. Every morning a young lad, son of a destitute family, has called at her door, and these fragments, which would have been thrown away, have kept three persons fairly nourished throughout the season.—Exchange.

A new phase of the present agitation in the gay world of New York, regarding woman suffrage, which has been so enthusiastically taken up by prominent society women, is the development within the past few days of a movement antagonistic to the petition to be presented to the Constitutional Convention on the subject, among women of the same set as those who are circulating the petitions for signatures. It is said that Mrs. Frederic Goodridge, Mrs. William Beeckman and other well-known society women are preparing a memorial to be presented to the convention to be signed by citizens, both men and women, who either do not believe in having the suffrage, or who are opposed to its being granted to them in this city or State, at least at the present time or even in the near future. Several persons have already been requested to sign this new petition or memorial and have promised to do so, so that a merry war is imminent between the pro and anti-woman suffrage parties in the society world.

The New York Commercial Advertiser states that a wave of great men (or babies that were destined to become great) seems to have swept over the world in 1809. Why they were precipitated upon the world during that particular year will, perhaps, never be known, but it is a fact that the following named historical personages count it as their birth year: Lincoln, Gladstone, Darwin, Edgar Allan Poe, Cyrus McCormick, Benjamin Pierce, Alfred Tennyson, Mark Lemon, Jules Favre, Raphael Semmes, Albert Pike and Oliver Wendell Holmes. It has been asserted that Jefferson Davis was born in 1809, but I find it was in 1808.

A nobleman was dining lately in Paris with a British diplomatist, and next to him was a noted belle from the United States. The conversation drifted into the discussion of things American, and the Briton made some rather disagreeable remarks.

"Why, d'ye know," he continued, "at some of the places I dined at in America I saw people eat with their knives and spill soup on the tablecloth."

The American girl was thoroughly provoked by this time, but she replied, with apparent unconcern:

"What poor letters of introduction you must have had, my lord!"

There was no more unpleasant talk about America that evening.

"I am born out of time," said Lamb. "I have to conjecture what the present world calls delicacy. I thought 'Rosamund Gray' was a pretty modest thing. Hussy assures me that the world would not bear it. I have lived to grow into an indecent character. When my sonnet was rejected I exclaimed: 'Damn the age; I will write for antiquity!'"

Washington seems to be a paradise for widows. The latest rumor indicates that Mrs. Stanley Matthews will buy a house and make her permanent home there with her niece, Miss Mitchell. Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnson, and Mrs. Daniel Manning have come to the same conclusion after a few months stay there.

The intellectual woman of society, says an Exchange, is better dressed, because more quietly and less extravagantly, than the non-intellectual woman. She appears to more advantage in the drawing room and on the promenade; she is sounder, fuller, more methodical and exact. Her evolution is loftier and more complete. When she is rather plain than pretty, she is often thought very pretty. Because her manners are so fine and her understanding is so clear that she neglects no one, and is considerate to all. She is almost always elegant in appearance and bearing, for her mind animates her whole body and embraces the smallest details. She has the latter half of the nineteenth century spirit, which is too broad and sympathetic to permit her to reserve her faculties for her own benefit.

It is when the English journals undertake to give us points about ourselves that they become positively illuminating. Listen to two extracts: "Advanced views are being held in some American circles on the subject of the wedding ring. Brides are declining to wear it unless grooms follow suit."

And "In some New York churches small rooms are attached, known as babies' corners, where mothers may leave their children while attending service."



her cheeks, and a ready smile that was captivating. I watched her, as she luxuriously sipped her soda, supremely unconscious of the surging mass of women that were trying to get near that counter. The dress was a softly ribbed material, in a correspondingly soft tint. Its skirt had a trimming of four narrow bands, stitched at each side, of fawn and green, alternating. The bodice, which I could not see, had a basque that fell within twelve inches of her feet, and was similarly trimmed. Then came a fine cloth coat, in fawn, with full back and faultless fit. It fell half way over the other, so that there were three divisions of equal length. The fawn had had green velvet wings, and a long bunch of roses falling at the back. Her gloves were fawn, and the small satin yoke of the coat was of the same color. It was caught with a tiny gold brooch, wherein nestled a diamond, and, altogether, she looked perfectly charming.

EVA A. SCHUBERT.

LOOK AT THE LADIES!

A Pattern for Only Ten Cents and a
Coupon.Here is a scheme which cannot fail to
interest the ladies:

Cape Pattern.	Coat Pattern.
COUPON 1,008	COUPON 1,009
Send or bring this to THE TIMES OFFICE with 10 cents and secure the pat- tern.	Send or bring this to THE TIMES OFFICE with 10 cents and secure the pat- tern.

Having, as stated in previous issues, succeeded in making arrangements with one of the largest pattern establishments in this country to furnish the readers of the "Times" with patterns of the costumes shown each Sunday in the columns of the "Woman and Home Supplement," we shall be glad to have all our readers avail themselves of our liberal offer. The coupons, together with a full description of the patterns will be published in the supplement, and it will only be necessary to cut out one coupon and send that with ten cents in order to secure any one of the patterns desired.

The Unremembered Josephs.

It is believed that Mr. Samuel Josephs, author of "Grover, Grover, Four Years More of Grover," cares not who writes the songs of a nation if he could only make its laws as to the distribution of the clover privileges.—Chicago Tribune.

secretary and dictate her memoirs to him, but after several unsuccessful trials she gave this plan up, and when she returned to London, she tried the scheme of giving her general ideas to a journalist, and having him clothe them in attractive English, but after he had fin-



ished about one-third of the book she became so thoroughly disgusted with it that she burned it up. Then she started to work upon it herself. Sometimes she puts the manuscript away and does not touch it for months. Again she will write industriously for several weeks upon the work. Nearly all the London publishers have attempted to get hold of the book, but without success. Mrs. Langtry will publish, circulate, and advertise the volume herself.

Goldsmith often raised money on some projected work, says Chamber's Journal, then put it aside, and started another. He once drew up a prospectus for a dictionary of arts and sciences, and obtained promises of help from his friends Johnson, Reynolds, and Burke; but the bookellers were too wary for once, and the scheme fell through. One of his last proposals was the Survey of Experimental Philosophy, which met with the same fate.

The more practical Dr. Johnson could himself devise and not undertake. He